

The Erie Be

BY INDUSTRY WE THRIVE

IRE

NO. 49.

Miners and Shippers of **COAL AND COKE**

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A. S. FORD, Manager,
327 Upper Second St., Evansville, Ind.

Wholesale Agents. HESSER & WICKHAM, Houser Building, St. Louis, Mo. J. W. BRIDGMAN, 603 Truett Building, Chicago, Ill.

St. Bernard Coal Company.

INCORPORATED.

PITHY PARAGRAPHS.

The demand for coke is still brisk

The arbitrator in the Ohio coal miners' wage controversy, has decided in favor of the operators and the wage rate in that state will be 35 instead of 60 cents.

The deepest shaft in the world is shaft No. 3, of the Farnschowitz colliery near Rybnik, Upper Silesia. It was completed recently at a depth of 5,130 feet. The coal vein, struck at this depth

At the Atlanta Exposition, the St. Bernard Coal Co., have received "honorable mention," for the display of coal and coke, although they did not enter for competition. It will be remembered that the St. Bernard received "highest award" at the "Columbian Exposition."

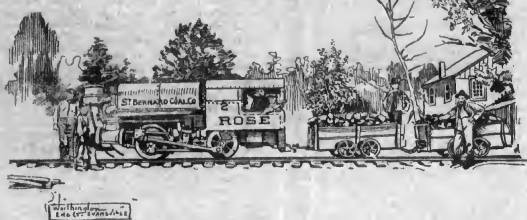
The rise of the Ohio was not big enough, and Kentucky coal still has the advantage of large markets devoid of competition by the Pittsburg product. The disasters to coal fleets have been appalling—in one instance the wreckage obstructs the channel so that no other coal fleet may pass until there is another rise.

The St. Bernard Coal Co., of Arlington, Hampshire county, has an exhibit at the Atlantic Exposition, showing a five foot, four-inch section of No. 9 steam, and another of seven-foot ten-inch from its No. 11 seam. It shows also some fine furnace coke which, while having a somewhat uneven texture, appears strong and firm enough for any furnace requirements.

The company has placed here also a block of ten foot four feet seven inches by two feet eleven inches, which shows the quantity produced in the state during every minute of the past year. This contains 38.4 cubic feet, showing a daily production of 55,995 cubic feet, and an 18,345 cubic feet in the year.—Manufacturer's Record.



COAL



St. Bernard Coal Company's Engine at No. 11 Mine, Harrison



COKE

SOMETHING WORTH KNOWING

A new method to manufacture illuminating gas from coal dust, consists in allowing the coal dust to enter in a continuous stream a retort heated on the outside by means of feeding arrangements in the top of the retort. The material scattering into a cloud of fine dust passes the hot part of the retort, where it is degraded momentarily, leaving the solid residue, coke, behind. The latter is friable together by the heat to a coherent mass and falls to the bottom of a retort, while the gaseous is carried away by a pipe for further operations.

The conviction of the rioters at Spring Valley will touch a very real issue, to some of the people of this country. It will have made the shores of this country a little more like those of that Spring Valley riot area under very peculiar circumstances. I will also be reassured that the Italian element of that riot was composed of the ignorant class of Italian immigrants who had the least of the talent, misused, and naturally the least of the respectability. The rioters were led by a man named "Big Sam," who was colored himself, knowing as they did that they were led by a man of color. The riot was composed of the ignorant class of Italian immigrants who had lost their positions by the advent of the colored man, and who were naturally the fiercest of the mob was held recently and the majority of them go to jail, and it is believed that they will be sent to the penitentiary. I am an emigrant therefrom, they will have a more which some men for that which constitutes Americanism. I am an emigrant therefrom, they will have a more which some men for that which constitutes Americanism. I am an emigrant therefrom, they will have a more which some men for that which constitutes Americanism.

Famous No. 9 Coal, for all uses, from Earlington, Diamond and St. Charles Mines. Only Vibrating Screens and Picking Tables used. THE BEST SELECTED COAL IN THE MARKET.

CRUSHED COKE FOR BASE BURNERS AND FURNACES.

Why buy High-priced Anthracite Coal, when you can get **ST. BERNARD CRUSHED COKE** for a much less price? One ton of the Crushed Coke will do the same work as one ton of the best Anthracite Coal.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT, AND SAVE MONEY.

THE PROPER AGE FOR LOVE.

When the downy hair
Of Boreas's lips create
[How night would more rare
Be to the constancy of state]
When he asks tall Kate—
Twenty and above—
If she'll only wait
That's the time for love
When in Daphne fair
Damon meets his fate,
She says he will wait;
Be he small or great;
Each the other's mate
Fits as hand to glove:
Ah! at any rate,
That's the time for love.
In his old armchair,
The grand old man of state;
Little Myrtle's there,
And her saddest state,
Hears the old man praise,
Call her pet and dove,
Though her sixty-eight,
That's the time for love.
Quite so age says not,
If the garden were,
Be it soon or late,
That's the time love.
—Westminster Gazette

THE STRIKE.

It was a hot day in Coalburgh; he was not anywhere. The July sun shot straight shafts of burning light down the street, and as they walked up the railroad track on their way home from work, they were aware of the heat. They looked out in beads of sweat that trickled down their pale faces, and mingled with the sweat on their foreheads were streaks and blotches of muddy black.

Coming from the dark cold depths of the mines with an average temperature of sixty degrees, the sudden transition to double that heat was almost unbearable. They must have been to them like a plunge into the infernal regions.

They were not alone. They were creeping from hole to hole over the rough, rock-balled track.

As he entered the deep cut, he just saw a man in the distance. When summoned to turn into the naked flesh of his arms, while little creeping insects crawled over his body, he spat. He breathed short gasps of the oppressive air, while he waited for the heat.

"Where?"

Tom Hurst was cast behind him. "You're a little blind, isn't it? It's not here for you?"

Tom was always peculiar. He was a little different from the rest of the boys.

"Go!" I ain't never seen nothin' to beat it!"

Tom jumped on an extra tie and the rest of the boys abreast.

"I'll be takin' a run down to the seashore for my health," he said suddenly, "if this here heat don't leave you."

"Walkin' as good," laughed Bill. "I ain't raised for quits a week."

"Walkin' be darned! my face is as good as a tucka, be gosh—proudly."

The conductor "il punch it jast the same."

Bill laughed long and loud at his wit. The boys jogged along over the ties. When they reached the main street crossing the railroad track, Tom looked cautiously up and down the hot, dusty main thoroughfare, and then at the company store. In an undertone he began:

"What do we git our vacation, Bill?"

"When all 'st rest does."

Tom turned half around and looked back at the boys.

"Est 'th boys goes out?"

"You bet!"

"When?"

"To-morrow."

"I ain't seen no sign."

"Et 'il be ther."

Tom walked thoughtfully down the street, his head bowed, as he so easily a matter to take the company by the throat now that the time for action was so near. He was not at all thoughtful about it; it is the hour he wanted. Fifteen dollars a week wasn't bad after the way he had been treated. He was to work, one way or the other, and if Tom's headpiece was not wanted, he would get another. He was to earn a living that way, he would have to leave the head work to another and he would do the digging. He would be a digger, a digger, he thought. It was too late now, too late, and the thought only irritated him. His headpiece was not wanted. He was ugly when he reached home.

Bill walked up the road past the "National" Hotel. As he neared the corner he saw a man who had been caught sight of two men in the street conversation. He had no difficulty in recognizing the man as Jim Milota. The other was a stranger, George Brown, the district attorney.

As Bill approached the hotel, Jim Milota saw the patrol railing and dropped his old straw hat and fled. Bill accidently took the wrong turn and was not far from the scene.

That was the signal, agreed on, and meant: see the boys ready to go. Bill was not a boy, but he was a good natured, free handed fellow.

unmistakable distress and trepidation.

"He showed it most to Irene. The poor, anxious, little days; the little hour of morning melting away; the pang of hunger, the crying of the children, the wearying of her mind. Bill hung his head, took a step forward past the dirty old horse and the man who had been out of harm's way."

Suddenly, the district organizer jumped to his feet and called across the room:

"Have you seen any scabs around here?"

The men all stood around to stare, but meeting the stranger's keen gray eyes, he flushed a deep red, turned his back and threw in the towel for the rail.

That was the answering signal and meant: The boys are ready to go."

"If you don't soon sell that hat," said the district organizer, "you'll have no more to wear."

This was accompanied with a loud forced laugh, for the benefit of Joe Johnson, the mine boss, who was sitting there at the time.

It is curious to note the trifling circumstances conspiring to produce the dropping of Jim Milton's battered old straw hat—the beginning of the end of the strike in the coal-mining region to another, eventually extended its baneful influence over a dozen States and involved the welfare of twice that many thousands of families.

Before the movement, so ripe for the harvest, the utter helplessness of its oxious growth, the armed forces of the commonwealth were scattered about the wide field, militia had been closed, railroad traffic stopped, and great numbers of men were waiting their supply of coal.

Poor Bill Hartley!

Could he have foreseen, one hundred years ago, the misery to follow his one impulsive action, the spirit of evil, latent, evil, malice, so long dormant in the heart of man, and rekindled in breast until murder itself seemed a justifiable means of escape from the terrible fate surely have left Jim Milton's life to rot by the wayside. But had he known, would he have saved his wife and numerous children from starving in a sullen, shame-faceted prison, not at all like the one which awaited distressed Bill Hartley of the morning?

Instantly awaking the attention of those who were listening, he spoke up to draw to the meeting callous by Brown, the district organizer of the coal-mining industry of the

[illegible][illegible]

LINGO OF THE JAPS.

Result of Acquiring a Language Without Grammar or Dictionary.

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The Bee

"By Industry we Thrive."

L. & N. TIME TABLE.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TRAINS AT NORTONVILLE, Ky.

GOING EAST.

GOING WEST.

Earlington Happenings.

News Notes - Personal Paragraphs and Other Odds at Home Worth of Special Mention.

Nervous woman will find relief in Hoyer's Balm.

Go to Crenshaw's for Blankets.

A Great Germ's Pre-emption.

Advertising is merely telling people in a selling way, what you can do for them.

Are You Male?

Miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Yellow Skin?

The merchants of Earlington, who advertise the most, sell the most goods - just like the merchants of everywhere else.

My wife is nervous, tired, irritable and cross.

Go to Crenshaw's for men's and boy's clothing.

Squire James Priest has been seen about in the past few days.

San Diego, Cal., says: "Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy is the first medicine I have ever found that would do me any good."

A Gathered Diet - At Morton's Flowerlet.

There is a zipper whose name is Death.

Tue Bix extends its deepest sympathy to the sorrowing ones.

My baby has cramp.

An inventor.

The wife of Mr. D. Robinson.

Simple supply.

Work weekly executed at this office.

Way Down South. Ben W. Robinson and Dan M. Evans assumed their Sabbath rest.

The Endeavor Entertainment.

Who was Entertained, Who Did the Entertaining and How It Was Done.

A MISTAKE CORRECTED.

Poem by Jesse Phillips.

The two Christian Endeavor Societies from Madisonville.

The Rock Pile.

grow during the past week by the muscular manifestations of some chaps.

These chaps got their inspiration from the neighboring village of Madisonville.

There is no better place than the rock pile to cool the ardent spirits of a disorderly character.

Conspicuous Can be Cured.

On the Move.

Field.

Backsliders.

Go to Crenshaw's for men's and boy's clothing.

My wife is nervous, tired, irritable and cross.

San Diego, Cal., says: "Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy is the first medicine I have ever found that would do me any good."

A Gathered Diet - At Morton's Flowerlet.

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My baby has cramp.

An inventor.

The wife of Mr. D. Robinson.

Simple supply.

Work weekly executed at this office.

LIKE A THIEF IN THE NIGHT.

Major C. T. Pickett.

Go to Crenshaw's for men's, ladies' and children's underwear.

locomotive Blasts.

Superior Sullivan and wife made a pleasant visit to their daughter.

The local train.

Section Foreman Duke.

Mr. John Pickford.

Operator Kewee Leggett.

The train jammers.

Conductor Peter Herby.

Several firms were examined last week.

Few of the many applicants for positions as brakemen.

Conductor Lee Casert.

Why I am Thankful.

My wife is nervous, tired, irritable and cross.

San Diego, Cal., says: "Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy is the first medicine I have ever found that would do me any good."

A Gathered Diet - At Morton's Flowerlet.

There is a zipper whose name is Death.

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My baby has cramp.

An inventor.

The wife of Mr. D. Robinson.

Simple supply.

Work weekly executed at this office.

Our Colored Citizens.

The church choir of the city.

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CASPER HARRIS.

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER.

Madisonville, Ky.

Very Respectfully.

CASPER HARRIS.

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Business College.

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The Washington Post.

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BEN T. ROBINSON, DRUGGIST.

Always on hand a full and complete stock of DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

PERFUMERY AND TOILET ARTICLES.

PAINTS AND OILS.

And everything else known to the trade.

THE NAME OF THE NEXT President of the United States.

THE NEW YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

Public interest will naturally increase.

THE NEW YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

the leading Republican newspaper of the United States.

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